

FRENCH PRESS GAINS ON BOTH SIDES OF ARRAS

Move Forward on Front
of Three-Fourths of Mile
Around Hebuterne.

ADVANCE SLOWLY
IN NEUVILLE REGION

German Lines Hurriedly Rein-
forced—Berlin Reports All of
Allies' Attacks Broken.

London, June 8.—The French are pushing forward in their new line of offensive around Hebuterne, south of Arras, in the face of violent counter-attacks from the hastily reinforced German position. They are advancing here along a front of nearly three-quarters of a mile, according to the French official report, while to the north of Arras they are making further progress in the village of Neuville St. Vaast, in the "Labyrinth" fortifications, and around the Lorette Hills and Soissons.

The Berlin communiqué, while not denying claim to any gains for the Germans on the western front, insists that all of the Allies' attacks have been broken by artillery fire or counter-attacks.

It is apparent from the official statements that the fighting in the Soissons region has not resulted in any further changes in the positions of the opposing armies.

The British report all quiet on their front, but to the Zeppelin brought down yesterday by Sub-Lieutenant Warner, they claim to have added two German aeroplanes as an offset to the destruction, reported by the Germans, of an Allied aeroplane near Douai.

French Consolidate Gains.

To-day's official communication issued by the French War Office says: "In the region of Notre Dame de Lorette there has been a very spirited artillery engagement to-day. Our infantry has everywhere consolidated the positions previously gained and has made new advances."

"At Neuville St. Vaast we have carried the entire group of houses to the west of the village; also additional houses in the principal street, north of this group."

"In the 'Labyrinth' our troops repulsed a violent counter-attack and slightly increased their progress."

"To the south of Hebuterne we have maintained the gains of yesterday and last night, notwithstanding a strong attack delivered by two German battalions which were brought up hastily in automobiles from the region east of Arras. Following this we continued our progress toward the east on a front of about 1,200 metres."

"The enemy violently bombarded the trenches which we took from him yes-

terday to the north of the Aisne, near Moulin-sous-Toutvent. This bombardment, to which our artillery vehemently responded, was not followed by a counter-attack."

Two Lines of Trenches Taken.

The French official statement issued earlier in the day reported an advance to the northeast of the sugar refinery of Souchez yesterday and the capture of two lines of German trenches along a front stretching for 500 yards, or as far as the roadway running between Hebuterne and Serre, northeast of Hebuterne. Four German counter-attacks were broken southeast of Hebuterne.

The German official version of the fighting, issued to-day in Berlin, follows: "An attack by the enemy on the southern slope of Lorette hills failed completely. The French refrained from making further attempts to attack. South of Neuville an attack by the enemy was prevented by our artillery fire."

"In the region southeast of Hebuterne the battle continues. An attack northwest of Soissons, at Moulin-sous-Toutvent, has been brought to a standstill by our counter-attack. At Villan-au-Bois, northwest of Berry-au-Bac, the enemy suffered heavy losses in an unsuccessful attempt to recapture the position lost in May. A flying machine of the enemy was shot down."

Mine Destroys Parapet.

A report received to-night from Field Marshal Sir John French on the fighting along the western line says: "The situation on our front has not changed since the last communication of June 4. There has been less activity on the part of the enemy."

"On the 6th, in front of the Plogsteert wood, we successfully exploded a mine under the German trenches, destroying thirty yards of the parapet."

"We have brought down two German aeroplanes, one opposite our right, by gunfire, and the other in the neighborhood of Ypres, as the result of an engagement in the air with one of our aeroplanes."

GERMAN SPY HELD AMERICAN PASSPORT

Document Issued by Embassy in
Berlin Found on Man Ar-
rested in London.

London, June 8.—Robert Rosenthal, who confessed, after his arrest here on Saturday, to being a German spy sent to England by the German Admiralty, had a passport issued at the American Embassy in Berlin. The seal is genuine and in other respects the passport is regular. According to his own admission Rosenthal never was an American citizen.

Information gathered by the American Embassy indicates that Rosenthal went to the Berlin Embassy, accompanied by several friends, one of whom was an American citizen, and swore falsely that he was an American citizen, his statement being attested by his companions. He then received a temporary passport.

No further steps will be taken by the embassy. Any action to investigate Rosenthal's method of procuring a passport will be left to the Berlin Embassy.

Russians Raise Turk Cruiser.

Odessa, June 8.—The Turkish armored cruiser Medjidieh, which was blown up by a Russian mine near Odessa in the early part of April, has been raised and brought into Odessa for repairs.

THE MOST HORRIBLE DEATHS OF THE WAR.



French troops, lying dead and dying in their trenches, after breathing the German gas which slowly strangled them.

Britain in White-hot Rage as German Savagery Grows

Continued from page 1

But a consistent policy of firing on the Red Cross becomes a very different matter. Now, in all that action, so far as I can learn, the German not only failed to respect the Red Cross, but again and again he deliberately sought it out with his guns. Not once, but a dozen times, field ambulances found themselves shelled, moved away to other locations, and found themselves shelled again. In that Ypres salient, where transportation was always dangerous, Red Cross motor convoys found themselves followed down the roads by German shrapnel shells, until the gunners got the range and the shrapnel began to rain death on the wounded. Dozens of men whom I found in the hospitals were twice wounded—once in battle, once in the dressing stations. And wounded in these hospitals also were hundreds of ambulance drivers and bearers. The surgeons working with the field ambulances took off their Red Cross brassards after a day or two. To wear the Red Cross was dangerous, they said. It brought peril rather than immunity.

Then there was the matter of the asphyxiating gas. The Briton, probably rightly, believes that it wasn't them die of the after-effects, as I have seen "sportin'"—that it belonged to the same category as poisoning wells. Certain civilians in London have argued that gas isn't so bad after all—sages—their tubes and lungs desiccated like rotting leather. These were

the most horrible deaths of the many I have seen out there in deathland. Further, the British army saw this on the day when Germany began her war of chemicals. As the French broke they left many of their troops gasping on the ground, alive, but overcome and helpless. As the Germans, their mouths guarded by respirators, advanced they bayoneted these helpless ones where they lay.

Privates Merely Obey.

I must stop here, I suppose, to apologize in all fairness for the German soldier, the average obedient, sentimental German soldier. He is a creature of orders. He did what he was told in Belgium; he did what he was told at Ypres. The officers are responsible, and possibly, above the officers, those who give the larger orders. And this story may illustrate what I mean:

In the medical corps of the Indian army they have warrant officers—natives who perform most of the functions of commissioned officers. One day the British were suddenly beaten out of a trench so suddenly that they had to leave behind thirty-five wounded to the mercy of their enemy's medical corps. Now a certain warrant officer of the Indian R. A. M. C., a fine, soldierly Sikh, realized that these wounded needed first aid. Under fire, and facing the certainty of imprisonment, he ran back; began bandaging. While he was working so the Germans reached the trench. Two German soldiers, holding their guns at

"ready," came to the top of the parapet.

The Sikh straightened up and pointed to the Red Cross on his arm—he spoke no German. The two soldiers lowered their guns and called an officer.

The officer took in the situation. He turned and berated the two soldiers. Then he drew his revolver and shot the Sikh in the shoulder, the bullet ranging downward and lodging in his back. The Sikh had the presence of mind to fall and pretend to be dead. The officer gave an order: the two soldiers leaped down and bayoneted him four times. Then he heard them start down the line, and he knew from the sounds just what they were doing. Then the British counter-attacked, and drove the Germans out from the trench. They found only one live man in it—the Sikh variant officer. The bayonets had missed the vital spots. He recovered and received the Victoria Cross.

I mention this because I think it typifies what happened at the second Ypres. Orders were out to slaughter Englishmen regardless of rules—to slaughter until the British yielded through sheer terror of barbarities.

An Army Transferred.

And out of second Ypres the British army came transformed. They hated, now, with all the vengeful hatred possible to their rather good-natured race. It was moving, sometimes, that hatred; and sometimes it was almost too terrible to witness. All the more terrible it seems because it was sometimes so calmly expressed. "I want to get at a German now—just one German!"

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said a British officer whom I know—and a very gentle soul he is by nature. But he had just seen his friend die the death of poison gas. And he said it so softly that his words sounded like the hissing of a snake.

There was something especially pathetic in the rage of the Canadians. The Canadians are just like us. They are mostly Westerners—not even an old Westerner like me can distinguish between them and our own miners or cowboys. They came here with all the enthusiasms of a new country. The British disciplinarians complained that they could not quell them. They went to the lines like boys to a game.

They were but two weeks on the line when the fortunes of war put them into a terrible slaughter. During four days in which they made themselves immortal they lost 50 per cent of their three little brigades. They saw the advancing Germans bayoneting the helpless, hopping French zombies in the trail of the poison gas; they saw their hospital convoys banded to pieces with shrapnel; they saw one of their sergeants-major crucified against a door. And one knew not whether the more to pity their grief or to fear their white-hot rage.

It seemed to me, as I sat in Boulogne a week ago last Saturday, wondering whether or no to take my case of tonsillitis to England, that every one was hating except we three Americans—Alexander Mackenzie, Second Lieutenant Whittridge, R. A., and I. Mackenzie was over on a matter of a hospital, and Whittridge was down from the lines on a day's furlough. And then the captain of one of the Boulogne steamers tapped me on the shoulder and said:

"Heard the news? Lusitania torpedoed. We've just picked up the latest by wireless—at least a thousand gone."

And we three made it unanimous.

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It was a new Britain—I perceived that even before they put me to bed. Whomever you met, be he "gentleman" or "bus conductor, or hotel porter, felt the same. They were hating at last. Next morning, they tell me, there began a new food of recreating. One office which had been enrolling thirty a day enrolled that day three hundred. And now, out among them again, I perceive that the mood persists.

I haven't been very neutral in these remarks. I have not been neutral for a long time—why make any bones about it? And I had eight acquaintances on the Lusitania—all lost. One of them deserves especially well of our memory—Lindon Bates, Jr. He was one of the men who gave up big interests to help feed Belgium—he worked with the American Commission from the first. It was Belgian relief work which brought him on the Lusitania. He gave his life to a better thing than war.

Again, to-morrow, it's goodbye to London. Each time one leaves the metropolis of the world in these days he wonders if it is not goodbye forever—not perhaps to London, but to the London which we loved. All well informed people here look upon the Zeppelin raid as a certainty. It may come soon, it may come late, but come it will before Germany finishes with the war.



Some angels



Some devils



and A few plain mortals

If you buy a pair of shoes advertised in The Tribune to-day and find them coming apart next week, you can go direct to the merchant and say, "Look here! These shoes aren't worth what I paid for them. I want a new pair or a refund of what they cost me." Or you can come direct to The Tribune office, either before or after you visit the merchant. If he doesn't make good, we do.

In any event you will get either a new pair of shoes or complete reimbursement for everything except the time wasted.



Now, that is a reasonably satisfactory transaction so far as it goes. Clearly it is much more satisfactory than having the merchant put you out in the street and throw the unfortunate shoes after you. There are those of us who believe it is the nearest approach to a remedial measure that has even been applied to misleading advertising.

But still it is merely a remedy at best. It is a good deal like a doctor who sits in his office on the Glorious Fourth ready to apply salve to all comers. He may soothe any number of powder-burned fingers, but while he is swathing Willie Jones in antiseptic gauze Tommie Smith may be having an eye blown out around the corner. The citizen who made the first move for safe and sane Fourth of July legislation healed more burns and saved more eyes than all the doctors in the country.

The Tribune guarantee is a mighty effective remedy, but it's not a cure.

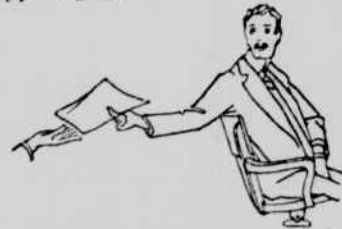
This has been realized in the Tribune office since the adoption of the guarantee. It was brought home with increased force when Samuel Hopkins Adams's first series of articles gave a great many people who had kept their ideas bottled up an opportunity to uncork their sentiments.

Mr. Adams could have gone on listening to complaints and writing articles about the most conspicuous cases of fraud until the pen fell from his aged fingers. But there is excellent precedent for the fact that one small voice crying in the wilderness may go unheard for a considerable period. The Tribune isn't ready to wait for several centuries to get its guarantee across.

The element lacking was permanence. Permanence meant records to prevent going over the same ground an unnecessary number of times. It meant an organization of experts, trained in a variety of lines of commerce, ready and able to spend a day or a month or a year, if necessary, following up a complaint typical of a class and determining its causes.

Now, it ought to be clearly understood that all crimes against the credence of newspaper readers are not caused by a cold-blooded decision on the part of the advertiser to hoodwink the public. Advertisers aren't all either lily white angels

or sable devils. An appreciable percentage of them are mortals with souls of dappled gray.



The owner of a business may be sincere in his desire to be decent, but he starts devoting most of his time to financing and leaves the advertising to an assistant, keen to make a record. Unfounded enthusiasm creeps into this concern's advertising and customers are misled. That owner would be glad to have some one say to him:

"Mr. Brown, your store is falling into the same habits that brought ill repute to Dobbins & Co. Why not give your advertising a little closer scrutiny? We've had twelve complaints about statements made over your name in the past week."

Business life to-day contains a wealth of material on the subject of what might be called the ethics of merchandising. It all can be classified, ticketed and filed away in the card index.

This is precisely what is now going on in the Tribune office. A permanent Bureau of Investigations has been established. After July 1st it will be open for business to the public. Its services are at the disposal of the merchant and the purchaser alike.

For the position of director of this bureau a man of unusual experience has been chosen. He is Mr. C. E. La Vigne, who comes to The Tribune direct from the Federal Trade Commission in Washington. As a government investigator Mr. La Vigne has travelled from one coast to the other, talking to manufacturers, wholesalers, retailers, department store owners, managers and clerks. He has learned at first hand the differ-

ence between a crook in the private office and a careless blonde at the counter.

This bureau has already discovered many intensely interesting things. As its mail grows heavier it will doubtless discover many more.

To Mr. Adams falls the task of acting in an advisory capacity to this bureau and putting into words the most significant of its findings. Many of these words will be answers to questions put to the bureau.

For this purpose a new department has been created. It is to be called "The Ad-Visor." It will appear on the last page of The Tribune, beginning June 28th.

Questions upon any advertisement appearing anywhere may be asked of Mr. Adams by any one into whose hands a Tribune comes—any one who signs his name and address. The communications of Constant Reader, Pro Bono Public and Stung will not be read.



A correspondent's confidence will never be violated, but the source of every question must be known.

When Mr. Adams first started to write his articles for The Tribune he asked, "How far can I go?" We answered, "The sky's the limit!" When Mr. La Vigne began digging up his facts for the Bureau of Investigations he asked, "How deep shall I go?" We answered, "Straight through to China!" Between the boundaries of their work lies the whole business world. How much of what they know—or can find out—is valuable to you? Let them show you.

The Tribune

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